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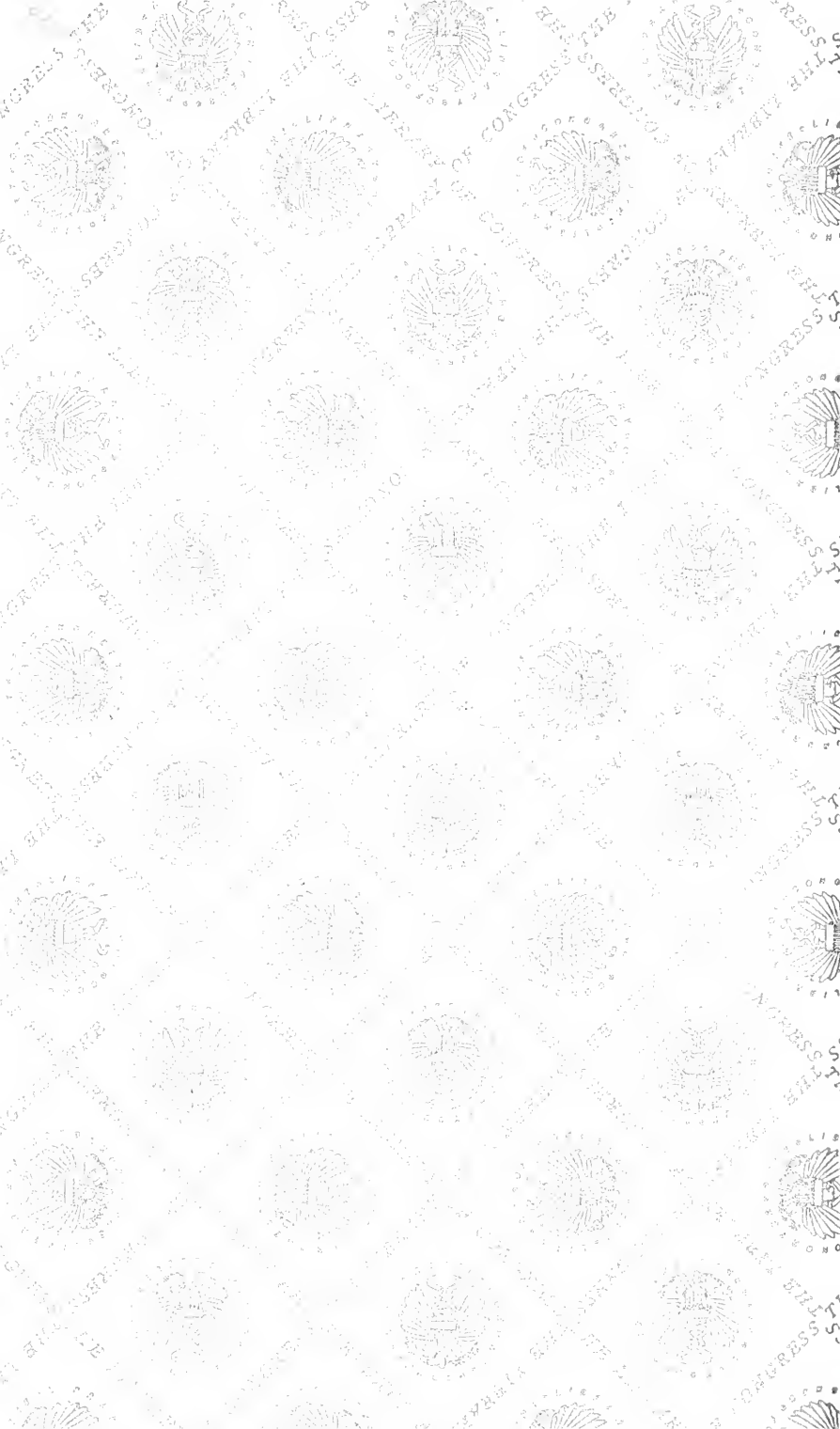
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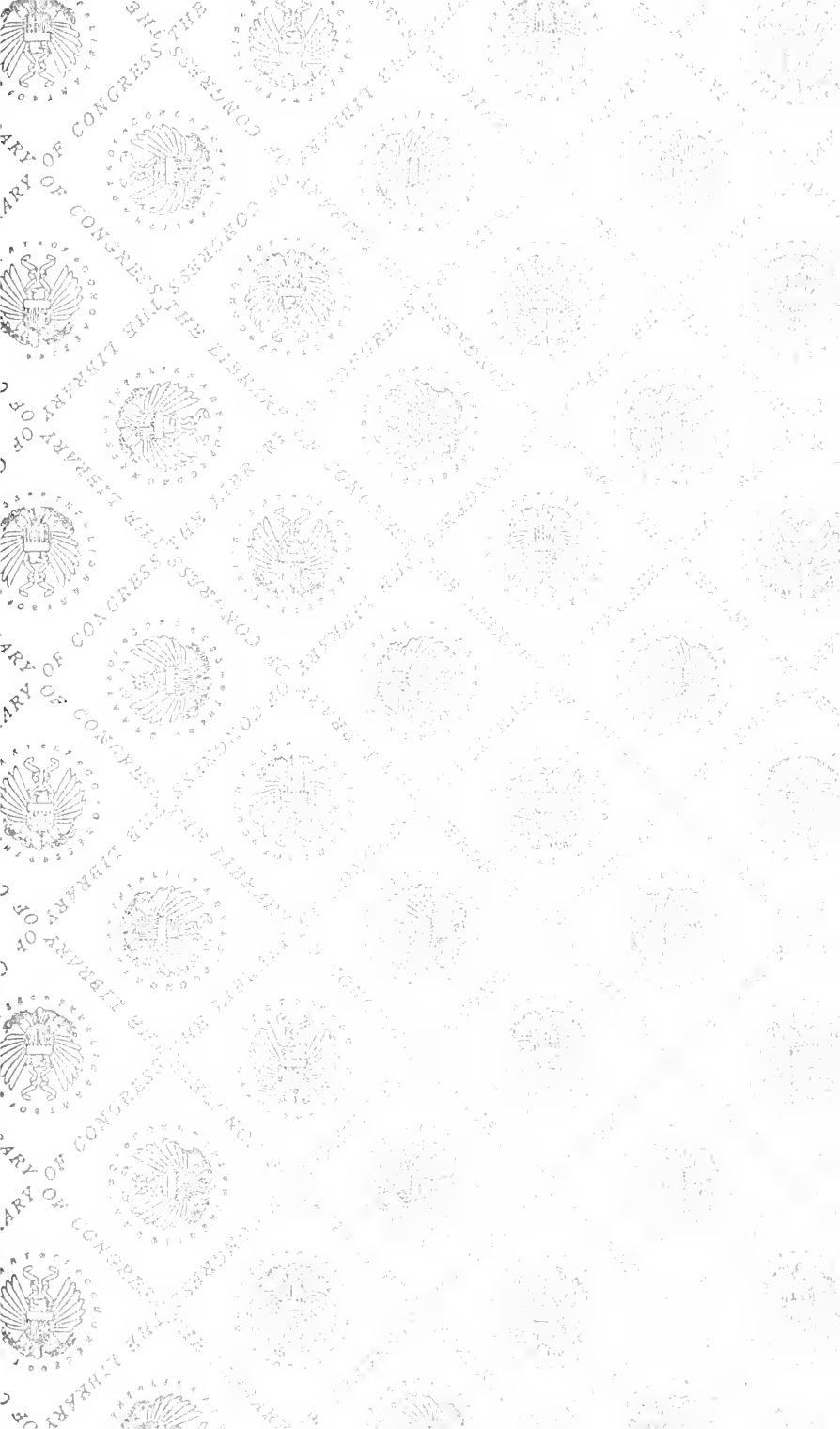
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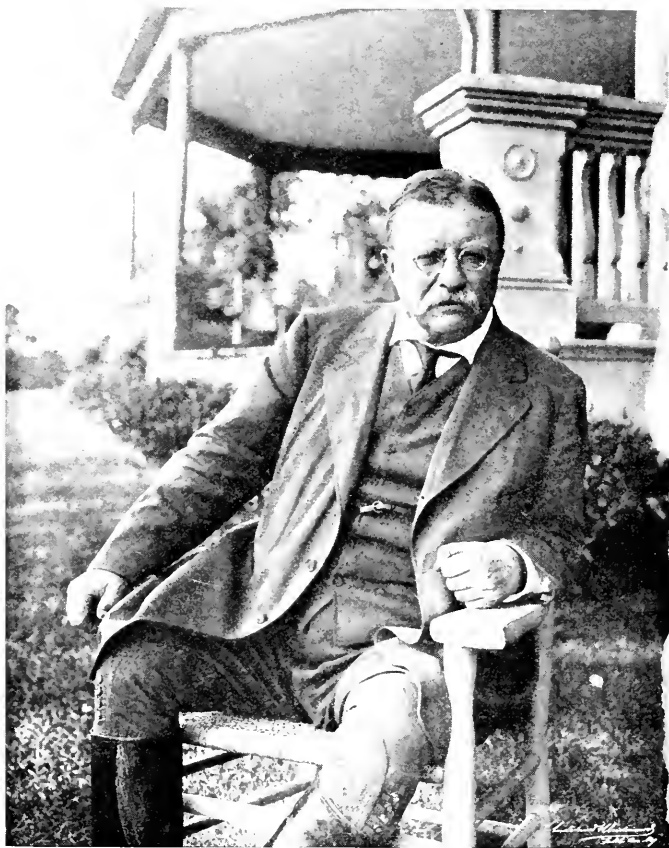




THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A Biographical Sketch





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THEODORE ROOSEVELT
1858-1919

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A Biographical Sketch

By

HERMANN HAGEDORN

Author of

The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt



PRIVATELY PRINTED

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL EXHIBITION COMMITTEE

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DEDICATION

HE was found faithful over a few things and he was made ruler over many; he cut his own trail clean and straight and millions followed him toward the light :: He was frail; he made himself a tower of strength. He was timid; he made himself a lion of courage. He was a dreamer; he became one of the great doers of all time :: Men put their trust in him; women found a champion in him; kings stood in awe of him, but children made him their play-mate :: He broke a nation's slumber with his cry, and it rose up. He touched the eyes of blind men with a flame and gave them vision. Souls became swords through him; swords became servants of God :: He was loyal to his country and he exacted loyalty; he loved many lands, but he loved his own land best :: He was terrible in battle, but tender to the weak; joyous and tireless, being free from self-pity; clean with a cleanness that cleansed the air like a gale :: His courtesy knew no wealth, no

class; his friendship, no creed or color or race. His courage stood every onslaught of savage beast and ruthless man, of loneliness, of victory, of defeat. His mind was eager, his heart was true, his body and spirit, defiant of obstacles, ready to meet what might come :: He fought injustice and tyranny; bore sorrow gallantly; loved all nature, bleak spaces and hardy companions, hazardous adventure and the zest of battle. Wherever he went he carried his own pack; and in the uttermost parts of the earth he kept his conscience for his guide.



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A Biographical Sketch

I

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, twenty-sixth President of the United States, was born at 28 East 20th Street, New York City, on October 27, 1858. His father, Theodore Roosevelt, was a glass merchant, a figure in city affairs, a philanthropist widely respected and beloved; his mother, Martha Bulloch, was a woman of unusual beauty and charm, of cool good sense and passionate devotions. His father was the descendant of a long line of Dutch burghers who had been prominent in the government of their city for over two hundred years; his mother was a Southerner of Scotch blood, mingled with Irish and Huguenot-French and an infusion of German from the Rhine Palatinate. Both were aristocrats by lineage and the higher right of spiritual nobility. The Civil War, breaking upon them when Theodore the Younger was two and a half years old, turned the sympathy of one to the North; that of the other, with equal ardor, to the South; but it did not cloud the affection they

held for each other or the happiness of their home.

Theodore the Younger was, from his birth, a frail boy, who suffered much from asthma and other bodily ailments. For weeks on end he was forced to keep to his bed, and the rough-and-tumble of boyhood was during his early years altogether withheld from him. He learned to read while he was still in skirts, and before he was out of the nursery age books had become companions to him and comforters in pain. His sisters, his brother and their friends were his devoted followers, who found the stories he told them, hour after hour, altogether thrilling.

He went to school for a brief period at Professor McMullen's Academy, near Madison Square, but his health permitted him no regular schooling, and tutors and governesses gave him an uneven elementary education, which he extended and deepened by wide reading of heroic tales and natural history, of science and biography. When he was nine he was taken through Europe, but, to judge from the journal he kept, gained nothing from it except a small boy's spread-eagle homesickness for his own land. Rome, Paris, Vesuvius and the Trossachs were alike a bore to him. Another trip to Europe four years later opened his eyes. He had by that time become an ardent naturalist, and Egypt and the Continent were interesting for their birds, if not for their monuments. He spent a winter in a Ger-

man family in Dresden and returned to America with an understanding of foreign lands which served to give him a real appreciation of his own. Still handicapped by his physical frailness, he prepared himself for college.

Meanwhile, he had acquired certain ideals of life and conduct which exercised a deep influence on his character. He was a notable hero-worshipper, with his father as his greatest hero then as always, and behind him the company of the heroic dead, who had become familiar to him through books. He measured himself by them, found himself wanting both in courage and physical strength, and doggedly set to work to repair the defects. He took boxing lessons, and exercised with a persistence that did not abate, in the gymnasium his father installed for him. The world of outdoors was a source of delight and adventure. His boy's love for birds and insects developed into the scientist's ardor for solid knowledge. When he went to college in the autumn of 1876, it was with the determination to become a faunal naturalist.

His years at Harvard were years of growth and joyous companionship. He studied hard, he read widely and deeply, he plunged into a dozen different undergraduate activities, from boxing and fencing and football to acting and writing and Sunday-school teaching and discussion of art at Professor Charles Eliot Norton's. He

romped one day, he wrote history the next; he made many friends; he gained a few devoted followers who prophesied great things for him; meanwhile, he grew in body and mind.

He graduated in June, 1880. Shortly after, he married Alice Lee of Chestnut Hill, who had been the radiant center of the group of boys and girls with whom he had "run" during his Harvard years. They went to Europe, where Theodore Roosevelt climbed the Matterhorn for no particular reason except that a pair of Englishmen with whom he had talked seemed to think that they were the only ones who had ever climbed it or ever would; and returned to America, more ardently American than ever, and settled in New York.

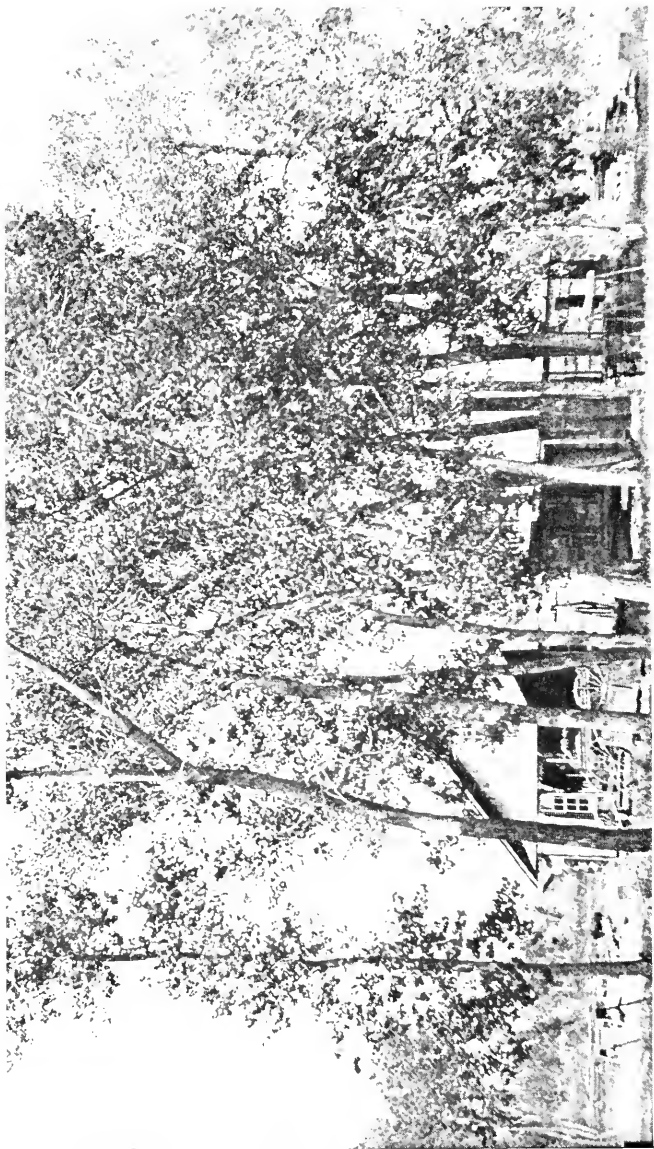
He had long given up his intention of becoming a naturalist, without, however, being able to decide what he would become. With no great enthusiasm for the law, he entered the Columbia Law School and, at the same time, the law office of his uncle, Robert Roosevelt. Meanwhile he completed a history of "The Naval War of 1812" which he had begun in college, looked about in the political world of his native city, and joined the Republican Club of the Twenty-first Assembly District.

He became a factor, if not a power, there at once, and on the initiative of a shrewd, keen-witted Irishman named "Joe" Murray, a local

“boss,” was nominated for the Assembly within a year, and elected.

In Albany he sprang almost at once into leadership. Before his first term was over he was a national figure,—at the end of his third he was a force to be reckoned with in the Republican Party, head of his State delegation to the National Convention, the hero of young men, the hope of all who were working for the triumph of the better elements in American politics. He gained his first fame through a fearless attack on a corrupt judge whom the leaders of his own party were seeking to shelter; but the real confidence of the public he won by solid and persistent work against odds for honest government and progressive legislation.

A personal catastrophe cut off completely and, it seemed forever, his political career. In February, 1884, his mother died suddenly. The same night his daughter Alice was born, and twelve hours later his wife died. He finished his term in the Assembly, did what he could to nominate the man of his choice at the Republican Convention in Chicago, failed, and hid himself, disheartened, on the ranch he had purchased the preceding autumn on the banks of the Little Missouri River, in Dakota.



From Photograph taken in 1886 by Theodore Roosevelt

ELKHORN RANCH

II

FOR the two years or more that followed, the gay world of New York City, and that other complex and tumultuous world of politics through which he had passed like a cyclone, saw Theodore Roosevelt only for hurried glimpses, if at all. He had altogether resigned whatever political ambitions he might have had. He wanted to write; and he did write an entertaining book of hunter's tales, a fresh and authoritative biography of Thomas H. Benton, another of Gouverneur Morris, a volume concerning ranch-life; but these were incidental. He had bought a great herd of cattle, he had called to his side from Maine a pair of old friends and stalwart backwoodsmen named "Bill" Sewall and Will Dow; with them he had built a house which he called Elkhorn; and he was now a ranchman whose life was bounded by the circle of cares and wholesome hardships and pleasures and perils that make up a ranchman's days. The bleak and savage country and the primitive conditions of life fascinated his imagination; the hardy men who were his companions gripped his affections and held them. The "women-folk" in Maine joined their husbands and took charge of

Elkhorn, and for two years made a home where the days passed in a round of manly endeavor and simple-hearted fellowship that in the memory of all who were a part of it lingered as a kind of pastoral idyll.

Working on the round-up, riding for days on end after stray cattle, hunting over the bare prairies and up the ragged peaks, Theodore Roosevelt won at last the strength of body he had set out to gain fifteen years before. He won much else—an understanding of the common man and of the West, a deeper appreciation of the meaning of democracy, a revived interest in life. His career as a ranchman came to an end in the autumn of 1886, when he went East to accept the Republican nomination for Mayor of New York.

He ran against Abram S. Hewitt, the Tammany nominee, and Henry George, the candidate of a short-lived United Labor Party, and was disastrously defeated in spite of a lively campaign. He went to Europe, and in London married the friend of his childhood, Edith Kermit Carow.

He returned with his wife to America the following Spring and moved into the new house on Sagamore Hill which he had set about to build before his departure. There he gave himself to the writing of books, notably "The Winning of the West," a history of the frontier, which was

to be his greatest book. A Republican victory in 1888, however, brought him again into public affairs. He was appointed a member of the U. S. Civil Service Commission in Washington, and for six years thereafter fought the battle of civil service reform against the corrupt or foolish advocates of favoritism who still affirmed that "to the victor belong the spoils." It was a perilous position for a public man with political ambitions, for the work of the Civil Service Commission was unpopular with the leaders of both parties and to administer it ably meant to antagonize the most powerful forces in Congress. Roosevelt carried the fight into the very Cabinet of the Republican President, and even while he drew the fire of the spoilsmen won the quick applause of men near and far who admired courage and skill in combat.

A reform victory in New York City in the autumn of 1894 brought him, six months later, again to the city of his birth as President of the Police Board. The police department of the city was demoralized, favoritism and corruption were rampant, laws were unequally enforced, and vice and crime flourished openly to the scandal of respectable citizens, who were helpless it seemed to cope with the forces of disorder. Into these Augean stables Theodore Roosevelt courageously turned the flood of his turbulent energy and cleansing love of justice. He abolished at once

the system of admission and promotion by pay or influence; he stood by his men when influential wrong-doers attempted to discredit them for doing their duty. Within six months he had put new spirit into the force and brought the law once more into repute. But in so doing he had stirred the anger of the politicians of both parties and of all the sinister forces which depended for their livelihood on vice and crime. His motives were misrepresented, his methods were ridiculed, until even the orderly elements, whose battle he was fighting, turned upon him. The newspapers attacked him savagely; even his colleagues on the Police Board thwarted him where they could.

“It is a grimy struggle, but a vital one,” he wrote at the time in a letter to one of his sisters. “The battle for decent government must be won by just such interminable, grimy drudgery.”

III

INTO the tumult of his work on the Police Board came the rumors of impending war. Theodore Roosevelt believed with all his heart that Cuba should be freed from the intolerable yoke of Spain. He believed that only through the intervention of the United States could Cuba be thus freed. He had, ever since leaving college, preached national preparedness for war, demanding in particular the creation of an effective navy. When William McKinley, therefore, was elected President in the autumn of 1896, and offered Roosevelt the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he accepted it with frank delight. He became in the Navy Department what he had been on the Civil Service Commission and the Police Board, the moving spirit of the organization. His superior, Secretary Long, was by inclination a pacifist who looked with distrust and some terror on Roosevelt's endeavors to make the navy into a vigorous fighting force. Roosevelt utilized the brief periods when he was Acting Secretary during his chief's absence to carry forward the policy which he deemed essential to the national safety. It was by such almost surreptitious action that



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AFTER THE BATTLE OF LAS GUASIMAS

General Joseph Wheeler, in the foreground, Commander of the left wing of the Army before San Juan Hill. From left to right: Major George M. Dunn, Major Brodie, Chaplain Brown, Colonel Leonard Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

Dewey was provided with the coal and the ships which ultimately enabled him to destroy the Spanish fleet at Manila. When the war came in April, 1898, he immediately resigned his position and offered his services to the President in raising the cavalry regiments which Congress authorized. General Alger, Secretary of War, offered him the colonelcy of one of these regiments. He refused, asking that the regiment be given to his friend Leonard Wood, a veteran of the Indian wars and at that time a surgeon in the army, with himself as lieutenant-colonel. The offer was accepted. Early in May the Rough Riders, as they were nicknamed, began to gather from all parts of the country, at San Antonio, Texas. The training was brief but thorough. Six weeks after the regiment was organized, it stood trained and equipped on the firing line outside of Santiago de Cuba.

The Rough Riders came under fire for the first time late in June, at Las Guasimas, where Roosevelt commanded first the center and later also the left wing. He revealed himself there as a brave soldier and an officer of calm judgment and qualities of leadership altogether unusual.

The battle of San Juan Hill was fought a week after the engagement at Las Guasimas. It was a small but most sanguinary battle in which, owing to the inefficiency and blundering of the commanding general, the American casualties

were altogether out of proportion to the numbers engaged. The day before the battle Colonel Wood had been promoted to Brigadier General and Roosevelt had been given command of the regiment. All day, waiting for orders that did not come, he lay with his men under the galling fire of Spanish guns. One messenger after another whom he sent for orders was killed. At last, late in the afternoon, the command came to advance. He dashed forward, conspicuous on his white horse, plunged through the line of regulars who were obstructing his path, and led his men through the tall grass up the long hill. To right and left of him men fell, and the Mauser bullets sang with the sound of ripping silk past his ears. He remained untouched. At a barbed wire fence he sprang off his horse and plunged on, his men close at his heels. He gained the first crest, pushing the Spaniards back; then another, and a third. Inspired by his cool courage the American line advanced along the whole San Juan range. At dusk the Spaniards were in full retreat on the city.

Roosevelt returned home a popular hero. The Republicans of New York State, facing defeat, recognized that in Roosevelt lay their only hope. He was nominated for Governor that autumn, and after a hot and close campaign was elected.

At Albany Roosevelt revealed himself almost at once as an able administrator, a clear-sighted

judge of men and a politician of tact, skill and unswerving integrity. His own party machine was distrustful of him as a reformer who had said many hard things about party machines in the past and who had handled neither the Democratic nor the Republican organization with gloves during his battles as Police Commissioner. Roosevelt recognized that though the Republican machine under its leader, Senator Platt, might not be the ideal instrument through which he would choose to work if he could make a choice, it was a force with which he must deal if he wished to put on the statute books any progressive legislation at all. The machine dominated the Legislature and had the power completely to block the Governor if it so desired. Roosevelt, realizing that the Republican organization, however imperfect in itself, might be made the instrument of good if rightly handled, managed by tact and cajolery and sundry breakfasts with Senator Platt whenever affairs became stormy, to gain the support of the Assembly and Senate for appointments and legislative measures which the Republican members of that body would never have dreamed of passing if Roosevelt had endeavored to swing the "big stick." More than once the issues were sharply drawn and there was a clash that threatened to disrupt the Republican Party. But in every case Roosevelt's willingness to make concessions on

in essentials and his evident determination to stand firm as a rock on principles, averted what seemed inevitable disaster.

Roosevelt had meanwhile become the acknowledged leader of the progressive elements in American politics. His second annual message as Governor, delivered in January, 1900, strikingly revealed his imaginative grasp of the problems confronting the nation. A movement to make him candidate for Vice-President on the Republican ticket was started simultaneously among his political enemies in the East, who wished to shelve him, and his devoted followers in the West who sought his promotion, and gained swift headway even against his most frantic protests. He looked upon the tranquil ineffectiveness of the Vice-President's office with undisguised horror. In the Convention in June his wishes were overruled and he was forced to accept the nomination. Having accepted, he put the full force of his energy and enthusiasm into the campaign that followed, touring the country from end to end. The Republican ticket was triumphantly elected and Roosevelt settled down in Washington, with what grace he could command, to four years of dull inaction which he prophesied would leave him at their conclusion, at best, a professor of history in a second-rate college, until the end of his days.

IV

AN assassin's bullet, removing his chief from the field of action with sudden and terrible swiftness, brought Roosevelt unexpectedly into the very forefront of affairs. Six months after the second inauguration of President McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt became President of the United States. He retained the Cabinet of his predecessor and pledged himself to carry out his predecessor's policies. But it was inevitable that his strong personality should immediately impress itself on the whole administration. Friends and opponents alike recognized at once that a great new dynamic force was in control. His grasp of public questions, his wide range of interests, his understanding and love for all manner of men, his tireless energy, made him at once the center of public attention and the most widely popular of American executives since Andrew Jackson. He was a forceful and persuasive speaker, and again and again, when Congress blocked his measures, won the support of the people by direct appeals. He crossed and criss-crossed the continent, meeting the American people face to face and laying his causes before them for their judgment. He had the gift of



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT
1903

making men of all sections feel that he was peculiarly an expression of their own dreams and aspirations. He was, in fact, at home in every part of the land, and through his Northern birth, his Southern ancestry, his residence in the West and his deep understanding of the Western point of view, was peculiarly a son of the whole country.

His conduct of domestic as well as foreign affairs was fearless and vigorous. He saw clearly that the question of most vital importance before the country was the control and strict regulation of the great corporations. In the famous Northern Securities' merger he presented a test case to the Supreme Court which ultimately opened the way for the prosecution of the other great corporations which had violated the Sherman Anti-trust Law. His fight against the conservative forces of both parties on this question, and kindred matters of railroad regulation, was intensely bitter and extended throughout his period in office.

His dealings with labor were equally far-sighted and firm. He favored combinations of labor as he favored combinations of capital, but stood as firmly against lawlessness on the part of laboring men as he stood against it on the part of capitalists.

"At last," said one of the "labor men" at luncheon one day, "there is a hearing for us fellows."

“Yes,” cried the President emphatically. “The White House door, while I am here, shall swing open as easily for the labor man as for the capitalist, *and no easier.*”

He was able to settle the anthracite coal strike in October, 1902, because he understood the points of view of both sides and was known by both as a just man of solid convictions whom threats could not swerve from his determined course.

His attitude in foreign affairs, as in domestic, was frank, clear-cut and firm, being based on the same principles which governed his personal relations with his fellowmen. He treated nations when they were bullies in the same direct manner he had used with certain “bad men” in Dakota. His vigorous handling of Germany, late in 1902, met a covert challenge of the Monroe Doctrine in a manner that left nothing to the Kaiser’s imagination. His hint to England on the Alaska boundary question—“Arbitrate if you want to, but there is the map”—was equally unambiguous and fruitful of international goodwill. He settled the century-old Panama question by swift and decisive action on the instant when such action was needed, and was digging the Canal before his opponents in Congress had recovered from their horror at his temerity. His reputation for integrity and candor, combined with an instant readiness to act, solved more

than one knotty international problem before it reached a crisis, and gave him power, when the governments of Europe found themselves impotent and afraid to intervene in the Russo-Japanese conflict, to thrust his vigorous personality between the contestants and by a liberal "knocking of heads right and left," literally to force peace.

He found the government of the United States, when he took up the reins, in the position among world powers, of a new boy in school; he left it firmly established in the first rank, admired and feared, its favor eagerly sought after, its citizenship respected in the remotest corners of the globe. In domestic affairs his impress was no less remarkable. At a critical moment in the conflict between capital and labor he was able to exercise the mediating influence which averted the deep bitterness which that conflict had engendered in other nations, and to guide both parties away from the extremes whose final meeting place is revolution. He fought the battle of democracy against impending plutocracy; he insisted that the rights of the public to the natural resources of the country outweighed private rights, and fought men of all parties until his word prevailed and found expression in the conservation movement; above all, he kindled men and women, and especially young men, to an ardor for public service such as men had not

known before in times of peace. He trumpeted the call of national and civic duty, and the conscience of the country awoke and responded.

V

THEODORE ROOSEVELT left the Presidency in March, 1909, and a month later sailed for East Africa. There for a year he hunted big game—lion and elephant, rhinoceros, giraffe, ostrich and hippopotamus, meeting strange peoples and perilous adventures. He emerged from the jungle at Khartoum in April, 1910, to be greeted by a cheer of welcome that echoed around the world. His journey down the Nile and through Europe was a triumphal progress extraordinary in its evidence of admiration and wonder. He made formal addresses before half a dozen learned bodies, stirring up a hornet's nest in Cairo by his denunciation of a recent political assassination, another in Rome by refusing to allow his freedom of action to be circumscribed by the papal authorities, a third in London by criticizing England's government of Egypt. At Christiania he received the Nobel Prize, awarded to him the year previous for his efforts in bringing about the Peace of Portsmouth; in Berlin he reviewed, at the Kaiser's side, the crack troops of the Empire. Altogether, it was a memorable journey.

He returned to the United States to find the

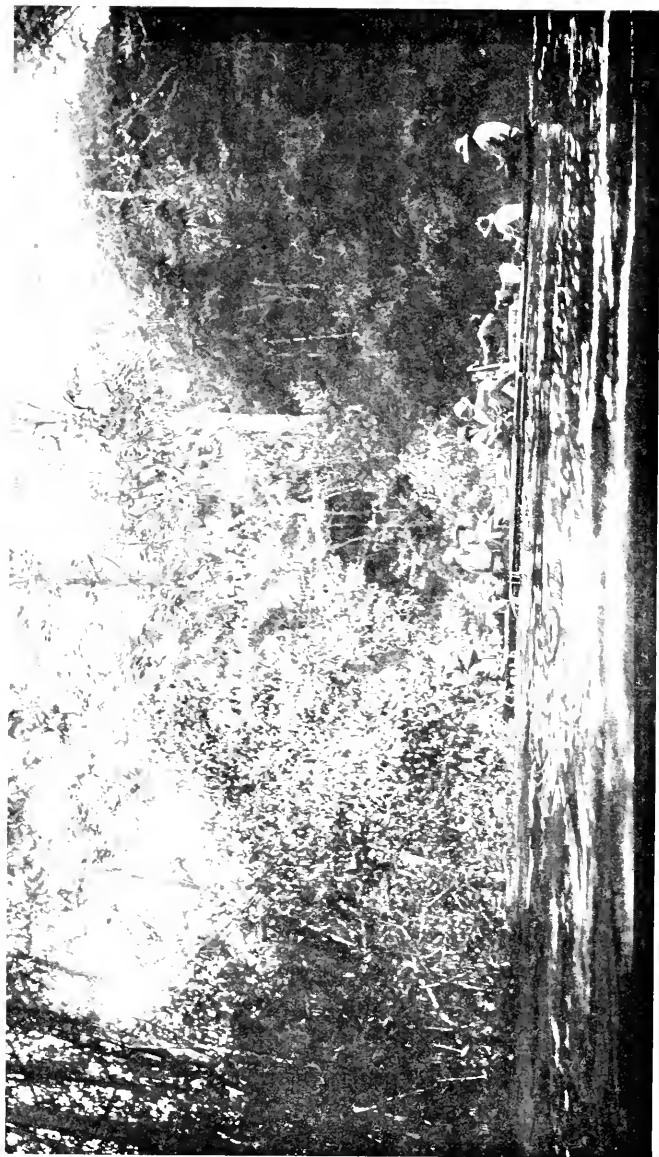
Party, which he had left united and vigorous after its recent victory, disrupted by bitter factional strife, and slipping rapidly toward disaster. In the struggle between the progressive and the reactionary elements he could not stand to one side in dignified neutrality. He espoused the progressive cause and in the campaign of 1910 fought with all the energy that was in him for the overthrow of boss-rule in New York State. He was decisively beaten after a contest that was bitter in the extreme. His enemies shouted that he was politically dead. He withdrew to Sagamore Hill and his editorial work on the staff of the *Outlook*, and, for the moment, let his foes rejoice.

But the struggle into which he had thrown, with such seeming recklessness, the stake of his great reputation, had been scarcely checked by the mid-term defeat. He was urged to be a candidate for President on the Republican ticket against President Taft, who was backed by the party machine and the so-called "stand-patters." He did not want to make the race, and it was against his own best judgment that he was persuaded at last to enter the contest. Once in, however, he fought with his whole being. One state after another, in the primary campaign, pledged its delegates to him. But the party machine was in the hands of his enemies, and in the convention held in Chicago in June they

used it relentlessly and without scruple to effect his defeat. The progressives, refusing to vote, marched out of the convention hall, leaving a disgruntled majority to carry through its program of disaster. A new Progressive Party sprang into being overnight and in August, amid scenes of the wildest enthusiasm, mingled with a devotion to a high cause absent hitherto from political conventions, nominated Theodore Roosevelt for President.

The ensuing campaign was fierce and rancorous. At the height of it Roosevelt was shot by a fanatic in Milwaukee as he was entering an automobile on his way to a mass-meeting he was about to address. He insisted on making his speech, went to the hospital, and after two weeks was again on his feet, campaigning. In the three-cornered election in November he polled over four million votes, but was defeated by Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate. Once more his enemies rejoiced and said that he was "done for." He took his defeat with the same good grace and humor with which he had taken victory in the past, returned to his editorial work, wrote his Autobiography, and accepted the popular verdict that he was out of politics.

In the autumn of 1913 he went to South America to address numerous learned bodies there and to make an exploring expedition into the jungles of Brazil, to which he had long



From "Through the Brazilian Wilderness" Copyright Charles Scribner & Sons

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS PARTY ON THE RIVER OF DOUBT

looked forward. His journey from capital to capital in South America was a repetition of his triumphal progress through Europe. His plunge into the Brazilian wilderness, on the other hand, was infinitely more hazardous than the African trip. For months he and his expedition were completely out of touch with the outside world. He discovered a hitherto unknown river, vaguely indicated on existing maps as the River of Doubt, and at imminent risk of disaster explored the nine hundred miles of its course. The trip was indescribably arduous and full of peril; his life was constantly in danger in the treacherous rapids and along the fever-infested banks; savage Indians shot their poisonous arrows unseen out of the dark tangle. One after another, his canoes were crushed in the rapids; one after another his men sickened. Finally he himself was laid low with fever, and for forty-eight hours was deadly ill. He pleaded with his son Kermit, who was with him, and with the Brazilian officers who had been assigned to his expedition by the government, to leave him behind and push on, in order that the whole expedition might not suffer the catastrophe which was always imminent, of death by starvation. His companions refused to leave him. By a great effort of will he raised himself from his sick-bed and plunged on with them from rapids to rapids, until at last, when disaster seemed inevitable, a

post on the river bank with the carved initials of some rubber trader, indicated that they were on the outskirts of civilization once more. For weeks thereafter Roosevelt lay tossing with fever on the bottom of the canoe as they drifted down the placid reaches of the river. The Brazilian government, in honor of his exploit, christened the river he had found the Rio Teodoro.

VI

HE returned to his own country in May, 1914. Three months later the World War broke out. Roosevelt saw at once that America could not remain untouched by it. He pleaded for preparedness; he pleaded for an international tribunal backed by force to execute its decrees. His pleas were met with a tumult of abuse. He did not let it swerve him from his course. When the *Lusitania* was sunk, he pleaded for instant action—not a declaration of war, but a trade embargo against Germany and open ports for the ships of the Allies. At the outbreak of the brief and inglorious war with Mexico he offered to raise a division of troops. His offer was refused. Meanwhile his demand for national preparedness began to stir the country to a sense of the gravity of its position. Domestic issues faded into the background; the questions which had split the Republican party in 1912 were superseded by other questions, at the moment more vital, which served to re-unite the opposing groups. In the national convention of the Progressive party he was nominated for President; in the Republican party the feeling was widespread that he should be the Republican

candidate also. The bitterness engendered by the schism of 1912, however, prevented his nomination. Justice Hughes was named. Roosevelt forthwith refused the Progressive nomination and gave his support to the Republican candidate. In the campaign that followed he pleaded that the slogans of the Democratic party, "*He kept us out of war*" and "*Safety First!*" be met by the Republican party with the rallying cry of "*Duty First!*" But the counsels of timidity prevailed, and the Republican party, rejecting the opportunity to win or lose gloriously, went down to a defeat which had no solace in it.

War with Germany came as he had prophesied it must inevitably come if the United States were to keep a shred of self-respect. He offered again to raise a division of troops. Men from all over the country volunteered their services, until 250,000 men had recorded their desire to go under his leadership to France. Congress passed a bill authorizing the creation of two divisions of volunteers. The President refused his consent. Roosevelt, forbidden to fight in the field, grimly and in bitter disappointment, accepted the decision and flung himself whole-heartedly into the work that lay at hand. During the months that followed no good cause called to him in vain. Here and there over the country he spoke for the Liberty Loan Campaigns, for the Red Cross and other relief agencies; and in the pages

of the *Kansas City Star* and the *Metropolitan Magazine* fought week after week for speed in military preparation, for an honest facing of facts, for whole-hearted and unreserved participation in the war by the side of the Allies. He met complacency on the part of the Administration with words of thunder drawn from Scripture; he met what seemed to him the collusion of high officials with the sinister forces of the yellow press with sentences that stung and burned. His own personal life and public career had always equally been determined from day to day by certain clear and unalterable principles, acting on the clearly discerned and unalterable facts of experience. Rightly or wrongly he was convinced that the course of the Administration was determined by theories yielding not to facts at all but only to political convenience. To him, therefore, the battle admitted of no compromise. The issue was not political, but moral. It was a fight to the death; and to the death he fought it.

The fever he had contracted in Brazil returned now and again. For weeks he travelled and made public addresses in spite of it. In February, 1918, however, he became dangerously ill; was operated upon; recovered; returned to his full activity, and was again laid low. His illness scarcely abated his ceaseless activity, and in nowise weakened the terrifying force of his fighting

spirit. In the autumn he was again forced to take to the hospital. He returned to Sagamore Hill in time to spend Christmas with his family. The inflammatory rheumatism which had caused him much pain began to give way. He seemed on the road to recovery. He made plans for a hunt after devil-fish in the spring.

From his sick-bed he fought his battle for realism and candor, and directed the policy of the Republican Party, of which he was once more the recognized and undisputed leader. At midnight on January 5th, he wrote a memorandum for the Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Four hours later, quietly in his sleep, with no other word, the man of many battles and much tumult slipped out of the company of living men.

He was buried on a hillside in Oyster Bay; but with new potency his spirit cried to the hearts of his countrymen.

WITH THE TIDE

Somewhere I read, in an old book whose name
Is gone from me, I read that when the days
Of a man are counted, and his business done,
There comes up the shore at evening, with the tide,
To the place where he sits, a boat—
And in the boat, from the place where he sits, he sees,
Dim in the dusk, dim and yet so familiar,
The faces of his friends long dead; and knows,
They come for him, brought in upon the tide,
To take him where men go at set of day.
Then rising, with his hands in theirs, he goes
Between them his last steps, that are the first
Of the new life—and with the ebb they pass,
Their shaken sail grown small upon the moon.

Often I thought of this, and pictured me
How many a man who lives with throngs about him,
Yet straining through the twilight for that boat
Shall scarce make out one figure in the stern,
And that so faint its features shall perplex him
With doubtful memories—and his heart hang back.
But others, rising as they see the sail
Increase upon the sunset, hasten down,
Hands out and eyes elated; for they see
Head over head, crowding from bow to stern,
Repeopling their long loneliness with smiles,
The faces of their friends; and such go forth
Content upon the ebb tide, with safe hearts.

But never
To worker summoned when his day was done
Did mounting tide bring in such freight of friends
As stole to you up the white wintry shingle
That night while they that watched you thought you slept.

Softly they came, and beached the boat, and gathered
In the still cove under the icy stars,
Your last-born, and the dear loves of your heart,
And all men that have loved right more than ease,
And honor above honors; all who gave
Free-handed of their best for other men,
And thought their giving taking: they who knew
Man's natural state is effort, up and up—
All these were there, so great a company
Perchance you marveled, wondering what great ship
Had brought that throng unnumbered to the cove
Where the boys used to beach their light canoe
After old happy picnics—

But these, your friends and children, to whose hands
Committed, in the silent night you rose
And took your last faint steps—
These led you down, O great American,
Down to the Winter night and the white beach,
And there you saw that the huge hull that waited
Was not as are the boats of other dead,
Frail craft for a brief passage; no, for this
Was first of a long line of towering transports,
Storm-worn and ocean-weary every one,
The ships you launched, the ships you manned, the ships
That now, returning from their sacred quest
With the thrice-sacred burden of their dead,
Lay waiting there to take you forth with them,
Out with the ebb tide, on some farther quest.

EDITH WHARTON

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